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# POEMS,

*BY A YOUNG LADY*

OF

CHARLESTON.

"On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar."

BEATTIE.

*CHARLESTON, (S. C.)*

PRINTED BY J. HOFF, NO. 6, BROAD-STREET.

1808.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

IN offering these pages to the Public, the Au thor feels that she is as adventurous as one, " wh should, put to sea upon a narrow plank and trust i miracles for safety;" but she has still the satisfactio of knowing, that, in following the bent of her in clination, no duty has been sacrificed. She has no encroached on that time, which should, have bee devoted to other pursuits.

To poetry she turns, as a relief from more serious occupations; and, though limited her powers, they yet serve to amuse the passing moment.

These effusions then, the solace of her leisur hours, she now submits to the world. By the critic their insignificance may be considered as their shiel from censure. The lenient and liberal minded will she trusts, view them with more complacency, and she feels a pleasing conviction, that there are some who, for the writer's sake, will peruse them with in terest.

1*st February*, 1808.

## ERRATA.

Page 10, first line, for *naught* read "nought."
29, third line of the third stanza, for *well known* read "well-known."
36, first line, for *her* wreath, read "his" wreath.
53, third line from the bottom, for *make* the deep-fraught sigh, read "wake."
100, second line from the bottom, for *decry* read "descry."

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# POEMS.

## TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

When to thy mind this trifle shall recall
Her, by whose hand these letters now are trac'd,
Say wilt thou think of ——, will the tear-drop fall
For scenes which once were by thy presence grac'

Or say, when musing at the close of day,
When scarce a breeze o'er ocean's bosom plays,
When night's pale lamp emits her softest ray,
And countless orbs attract th' admiring gaze;

Ah say! will mem'ry then her aid apply,
Will once Eliza's image rise to view;
Will e'er affection breathe one tender sigh
For her, whose thoughts are fondly fixt on you?

Yes, gentle Hope dispels each rising fear,
Her dulcet voice my anxious doubts remove;
Yes, the sweet syren whispers in mine ear,
And her illusions still my heart must love.

Fair smiling form which erst in Fancy's hour
O'er my fond soul held thy enchanting sway,
O still, sweet Hope! still may I prove thy power,
To chase each heart-corroding care away.

Tell me, the absence, which I now deplore,
Shall but cement fair friendship's holy chain;
That care and anguish shall be known no more
I and Honoria yet shall meet again.

---

*On being requested to give my hand during the performance of a pretended marriage ceremony.*

While thus in sportive mood, dear youth,
This trembling hand you claim,
And gaily vow to plight your truth,
And grace me with your name.

The passion, I but feign'd to feel
  Now glows devoid of art;
Too late, alas! I find 'tis real,
  And triumphs o'er my heart.

Ah! then, in pity, cease to plead,
  Forbear the pleasing theme,
Lest I forget, the frolic deed
  Is but an airy dream.

## TO A. L.

Enchanting girl, wert thou but mine,
At fortune's frowns I'd ne'er repine,
But gaily steer, through life's rough sea,
My humble barque, if fraught with thee:
No boding fears should e'er molest
The tranquil quiet of my breast.
Should low'ring clouds obscure the skies,
And warring winds in tumult rise,
In thy lov'd arms I'd seek repose,
Nor shudder at impending woes,

But, heedless of each threat'ning care,
My every wish would centre there.

## TO THE SAME.

" And though averted now, her charming eyes
" Then with fond love, and melting pity beam'd."
*Charlotte Smith.*

Maid of the azure eyes, what means this chang
Ah! why are they averted? Once those orbs
Beam'd with fond love, and tenderness divine.
Now on the earth why bend thy earnest gaze?
Is there aught there thy fixt regard to claim?
O turn! and view, in mine, my soul's true love,
Nor scorn the heart in which you reign supreme.
Perhaps, some rival woos thee to his arms,
And thou my fond aspiring hopes wouldst crush:
Ah! then at once dear nymph my doom pronounc
Remove the pangs, which dire suspense inflicts,
Relieve the anguish thou alone canst cure,
Give me to taste love's purest, tenderest bliss,
Enhanc'd by pain, fond reconcilement's kiss.

## THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

" Long had I watch'd thy dark forboding brow,
" What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow;
" Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover chang'd,
" Still thy cold look was scornful, and estrang'd."
*Campbell.*

The listless ear, the languid eye,
The peevish question, rude reply,
To my torn heart too sadly prove
That Henry has forgot to love!
The fatal truth confirm'd appears,
'Tis this which bathes my cheek with tears,
Which steals the lustre from mine eye,
And bids health's roseate beauty fly,
In ceaseless anguish waste the night,
Makes hateful the returning light;
Tears from my soul assuasive joys,
And every tender hope destroys.
What varied ills for thee I've borne,
A parent's frown, the world's harsh scorn!
A wandering fugitive, to roam
Far, far from my paternal home:

...ning care.

...

TO THE SAME.

...eyes
...eam'd"
*Charlotte Smith.*

...what means this chang
...Once those orbs
...and kindness divine.
...thy fondest gaze?
...thy late regard?
...my soul's true love,
...preme.
...this my
...wonder crush:
...pronounce
...pangs, which dire suspense inflicts,
...anguish these alone can
...love's pure
...recompense.

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'Tis this which bathes my cheek with tears;
Which steals the lustre from mine eye,
And bids health's roseate beauty fly,
In ceaseless anguish waste the night,

But naught was mourn'd whilst thou wert kind
My empire was my Henry's mind.
Ah youth belov'd! and must I now
Retain thy cold, reluctant vow?
That vow which oft, with pure delight,
To Laura thou wert wont to plight,
And fondly swear, that she alone
In thy true heart maintain'd a throne.
But now this form no more can charm;
No more thy bosom's care disarm;
No more this voice can soothe thy grief,
Or give thy tortur'd soul relief:
I guide the blow, new barb the dart,
And point it to thy inmost heart;
Rend the lov'd breast, whose peace to save,
I would with transport meet the grave.

## ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Thou power benign! who calm'st the wretches grie
Whose hand can smooth the wrinkled brow of car
To misery's hapless child thou bring'st relief,
And bidd'st the sinking spirit not despair.

e's fair morn, my opening prospects crost,
y spirits sunk by stern misfortune's frown,
aid restor'd each valued blessing lost,
ıd bade me call each former joy my own.

may thy light my timid steps attend,
ume the path I tremble to explore,
luct me to the bosom of my friend,
ıd, with that friend thy goodness I'll adore.

## THE ADIEU.

n! companions of my early youth,
ft childhood's haunts I bid ye all farewel!
nore shall I on Emma's lips of truth,
ith list'ning rapture and affection dwell.

nore my steps shall seek the sylvan grove,
here oft, at twilight's hour, with her I've stray'd,
his fond bosom, true to youthful love,
all cherish still the image of the maid.

Tho' ruthless fate has doom'd that we should part,
Can fate or fortune e'er her form erase?
Twin'd round the fibres of this aching heart,
Nor time, nor distance can her power efface.

To unknown scenes, to foreign climes I hie
To mix with strangers on life's busy stage;
Where no kind breast will echo back my sigh,
Or seek my bosom's anguish to assuage.

When racking cares distract my tortured soul,
To wear the semblance of a mind at ease;
To bid the frenzied eye forget to roll,
And hush each wild emotion into peace,

Must now be mine. Or meet the scornful sneer
Of haughty pride, that knows not how to feel,
Whose cheek ne'er own'd soft pity's melting tear,
Nor *sooth'd* the sorrow which it could not *heal*.

*ines written extemporaneously, on reading the preceding, which appeared in the Times—The Author unknown.*

Ill-fated youth, whoe'er thou art,
Seek to relieve thy love-sick mind;
No longer pain thy grief-worn heart,
Convinc'd that little Cupid 's blind.

Leave not those haunts of earlier years,
Which e'en in memory please thy view;
Where many a bosom friend appears,
And all thy first attachments grew.

Let not lov'd Emma's charms alone
Disorganize each other tie;
Nor hurl thy reason from her throne,
A prey to endless agony.

If ruthless fate's relentless doom,
Against thine ardent wish appear;
Remember other flowrets bloom,
And other blossoms too are fair.

No longer let the scornful sneer
Of haughty pride, that cannot feel,
Touch thy fond heart—enforce a tear,
Or *give* a wound they could not heal.

FLORA.

## TO FLORA.

You bid me still my throbbing heart,
And give my sorrows to the air;
To scorn the urchin Cupid's dart,
For other flowrets too are fair.

Dear maid, hast thou as yet not found
How deeply Love's keen arrows pierce?
Hast thou ne'er felt the empoison'd wound,
Nor swell'd thy breast with anguish fierce?

Hast thou ne'er breath'd the tender sigh,
As some lov'd object met thy view?
Hast thou not mark'd, with partial eye,
The scenes where all thy fondness grew?

Ah yes! thy sympathizing heart,
Which mourns a hapless stranger's woe,
Has felt the sweetly thrilling smart,
Which only feeling's vot'ries know.

O may *such* pangs be thine, sweet maid, alone,
May'st thou ne'er prove that agony extreme,
When all thy dearest, tend'rest hopes are flown,
And nought remains to cheer "life's feverish dream."

May the fond youth on whom thou deign'st to smile,
With love's own thornless flow'rs thy pathway strew;
May he thy joys enhance, thy cares beguile,
Till heaven's bright mansion opens to thy view.

## THE RETROSPECT.

As late I rambled 'mid the motley throng,
('Twas youth's fond tide alone the lay inspir'd,)
Still as I rov'd, I carol'd forth my song,
As feeling prompted, or as fancy fir'd.

To Cupid's shafts my breast was then unknown,
A careless stranger to the fickle boy,
" My bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne,"
And beat responsive to the notes of joy.

No envious cloud obscur'd the rising dawn;
No " summer friend," with cold averted eye,
Had from my soul their meteor light withdrawn,
Or caus'd this youthful breast to heave one sigh.

All then was hope, and mirth, and sportive ease;
The present bright, the future all serene;
I deem'd the pow'r was but the wish to please,
Now start astonish'd from the illusive dream.

Author of life! source of unbounded love!
While varying passions through my bosom beat,
O! may I e'er thy guardian mercy prove,
That sovereign reason may maintain her seat.

Teach me each wild emotion to subdue,
Check the deep sigh, repress the starting tear,
Bid former joys no more recur to view,
But since they 're false, forget they e'er were dear

If the slight reed on which I late reclin'd
Hath pierc'd the tender frame it should protect,
Shall I to anguish yield this ardent mind,
And sink the hapless victim of neglect?

No, my firm soul, recal thy wonted power,
Exert the energies which nature gave;
Still self-collected in each trying hour,
My adverse fortune fearless let me brave.

May the calm dignity of conscious truth,
Nerve the fond heart that mourns its faith abus'd,
Bid my pale cheek resume the glow of youth,
But ne'er by scorn's proud flush be it suffus'd.

## TO MY FRIEND.

When evening's dewy shades descend,
I sigh for thee, my bosom friend;
Near yon proud mountain's hoary brow,
Where oft we breath'd our artless vow,

When life, and love, and hope were new,
And fancy's hand soft pictures drew
Of promis'd bliss. Ah visions bright!
Why do ye mock my eager sight?
Why do those brilliant tints arise,
If but to cheat my ardent eyes?
Why snatch the bev'rage from my lip,
E'en as I bend its sweets to sip?
Why place before my raptur'd view
Delights so fair, yet so untrue,
That whilst I gaze, their beauties seem
A bright yet evanescent dream,
Fair as the veil by fancy wove
To deck the brow of infant love;
Mild as the air from Zephyr's wing,
When first he wooes the blushing spring;
Sweet as the flowret's soft perfume,
Yet transient as its fleeting bloom.
O thou! to this fond breast so dear,
Return and dry the bitter tear;
Come, with that voice, that look of love,
And each corroding doubt remove:
Before the magic of thine eye,
See dark distrust, and anguish fly:

One glance, one soul-entrancing smile
From lips devoid of art, or guile,
Can still the tempest of my soul,
And every anxious fear controul:
Ah then return! my peace restore,
And fondly vow, to part no more!

## ON THE DEATH OF I—— Q——.

While o'er the grave, in heart-felt grief, I bend,
'here the lov'd reliques of my valued friend
peace repose, freed from the care, the strife,
ıd all the sad vicissitudes of life,
ınd memory brings, before my mental eye,
enes of past friendship gone forever by,
'hen dire calamity my peace assail'd,
ıd man's last stay, benignant hope had fail'd;
ıy friendly aid restor'd that banish'd peace,
oth'd my wrung soul, and bade my anguish cease,
ıas'd from my brow, pale sorrow's sickly dew,
ıd bade the rose of health its bloom renew.

Ah friend belov'd! long o'er thy early bier
Shall fond affection pour the frequent tear;
Long shall we mourn the destiny, which gave
Thy youth and virtues to the silent grave;
O may these virtues in thy child survive!
Glow in her breast, and all thy worth revive,
May the soft magic of her infant smile,
A widow'd parent's anxious cares beguile;
May virtue guide, may reason guard her youth
And gently lead her to the realms of truth.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON OF O. C. E

O thou so dear! belov'd, lamented boy,
Thy parent's grief, so late thy parent's joy,
Their youngest hope, in life's first op'ning bloc
Snatch'd to the cold, dark mansions of the tom
Had fate been kind, perhaps, in future years,
Thy filial hand had dried thy parent's tears;
Ah then what transports had their bosoms prov
To 've seen thee virtuous, honor'd, and belov'd!

By science grac'd, with generous feeling fraught,
In action noble, and sublime in thought:
What hopes, what joys we counted yet in store,
Now call'd thy early exit to deplore!
With fruitless anguish, still we love to trace
The budding beauties of thine angel face,
That open brow, where candor sat enshrin'd,
The fairest promise of a liberal mind,
The "liquid lustre" which thine eyes disclos'd,
Ere death those eyes in fatal slumbers clos'd—
Vain, vain regrets! beyond our aching sight,
Thine infant spirit soars to realms of light;
While kindred tears thy sacred urn bedew,
And mourn the doom which tore thee from their view
Thy distant friend, unconscious of thy fate,
Perhaps e'en now with fondest hopes elate,
Chides the slow progress of each tardy day,
Which bids his youthful step reluctant stay
From homefelt happiness, domestic joy,
That finest gold, unmix'd with base alloy,
That dearest solace, to frail mortals, given,
Man's purest bliss, the kindest boon of heaven.

## ON THE LOSS OF THE SCHOONER COMFORT,

### CAPTAIN CHARLES DRUMMOND.*

While Drummond's fate excites the pitying tear,
And every bosom heaves the sigh sincere;
While friends and relatives alike combine
To pay their tribute at thy honor'd shrine;
Lamented youth! these artless lines receive,
The last sad off'ring, which we now can give.
Long shall thy worth and virtues be imprest
On the pure tablet of each feeling breast;
Thy early hapless fate we long shall mourn,
From life, from love, from friends untimely torn!
Ere thy firm soul suspected danger near,
Or conscious safety had giv'n place to fear,

* In August, 1806, the regular packet Schooner Comfort, Captain Charles Drummond, on her passage from Norfolk to Charleston, was upset in a gale of wind off Cape Hatteras; and of the twenty-five persons on board, the Captain and nineteen perished; the remainder were taken from the wreck by Captain Bockus, of the Brig Experiment. Captain Drummond had been several years in the trade; and from the suavity of his manners, his attention and politeness to passengers and his uniform, inflexible integrity, was highly respected.

lm'd in the stormy billows of the deep,
:h crush'd thy barque at one tremendous sweep,
'd the warm inmate of Le Mercier's breast,*
all its active energies supprest;
from the Orphan Boy his guardian stay,
ıse watchful care, through each eventful day,
clear'd from error's thorns life's dangerous road,
led him safe to truth's serene abode.
him alone,—Sad partners in thy doom,
th, youth, and beauty met an early tomb;
ne dire blow, with force resistless hurl'd,
r kindred spirits seek a better world,
seek in vain. Freed from the storms of life,
blooming daughters, and the faithful wife,†
: in air, borne on the "viewless wind,"
ver leave calamity behind;
ore the path by mortals never trod,
spring to meet the bosom of their God.

\mong the Passengers lost, was the pious Le Mercier, ıan Catholic Clergyman of Charleston, highly esteemed astor and as a man. This venerable divine, benevolent aritable to all, had selected as the object of his particu- unty, an Orphan Boy of a respectable family, whose s had been murdered at St. Domingo, and whom he lucating as his son.

Mrs. Cooper of Norfolk and her two Daughters.

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN IN A NOTE BOOK.

With what strange raptures would my soul be bl
Were but her Book, an emblem of her breast,
As I from that all former marks efface,
And uncontrol'd put new ones in their place.
So might I chase all others from her heart,
And my own image in their room impart,
But ah how short the bliss would prove!—if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me.

## ON READING THE ABOVE.

Amid the various errors of her mind,
That fault Eliza's foes shall never find;
For faith, and fondness o'er her heart preside,
Direct her course, and all her actions guide;
To early friendship true, her youthful heart,
From first impressions, would disdain to part,
Did equal warmth their generous bosoms fire,
Did equal truth their artless lips inspire,
But if, with cold distrust, their scornful eye
Her actions scan, her every fault decry,

:veal the errors which they ought to hide,
ıch bitter pang unfeelingly deride,
:epen the sigh, her aching breast, which rends,
nd drop the guise, which veil'd her sunshine friends;
ıy must they still her warm attachment prove,
etain her faith, her confidence, her love?
.h no! to those alone her bosom yields,
Vhose care directs, whose guardian counsel shields;
Vho view her follies with a lenient eye,
ınd fondly seek some virtue to espy,
ome tender bud, which foster'd by their care,
lay with its fragrance scent the ambient air,
:reen the soft flow'ret from unkind neglect,
'op the slight stem, the infant leaves protect,
ive to its fleeting bloom a longer day,
ıd guard it from a premature decay.

## TO MYRA.

Ah wherefore does that gentle breast
Thus heave the sad, unbidden sigh?
Why sink as if with ills opprest?
Why fades thy cheek's vermillion dye?

Why are those brilliant orbs o'erspread
With aught, save pity's softest dew?
Ah why declines that beauteous head,
Averted from fond friendship's view?

Nature and fortune both combin'd
To grace their fair, their favorite child,
Affection, too, her wreath entwin'd
To deck thy brow so sweetly mild.

Then tell me, mourner, tell me why,
At sober evening's pensive hour,
Dost thou each social pleasure fly,
And seek the lone sequester'd bow'r?

Ah say, has love, tyrannic lord,
Usurp'd the empire of thy soul,
Given thee unnumber'd pangs to hoard,
And fixt his pow'r beyond control?

And does the youth, to thee so dear,
Those virgin charms no longer prize,
Or see, unmov'd the lucid tear,
Which trembles in thine azure eyes?

But though his vows, that erst were thine,
Salute thy partial ear no more;
Though prostrate at a rival's shrine,
Cease thou, the vagrant to deplore.

Let not his apathy suppress
Thy wonted gaiety of mind,
Nor that desire to please repress,
Which proves thee gentle, bland, and kind.

No, Myra, let that decent pride,
Which innate worth must e'er bestow,
Bid those tumultuous throbs subside,
And check th' impassion'd burst of woe.

Perhaps, ere long, the fickle heart,
Which now thine easy sway disdains,
With each soft blandishment of art,
Again may sue to wear thy chains.

Then Myra in that trying scene,
Let injur'd truth thy bosom arm,
With brow unruffled, and serene,
Subdue each flutt'ring fond alarm.

With caution judge th' inconstant youth,
Ere thou his honied vows accept,
Nor trust thy faith, thy worth, thy truth,
To meet caprice and cold neglect.

In Alwyn's faithful, guardian arms,
Seek refuge from impending care;
No ill shall then thy quiet harm,
No threat'ning storm o'ertake thee *there*.

With tenderest zeal I'll hover near,
Soothe every pang, which wounds thy breast;
Far from thy bosom chase each fear,
And lull thy sorrows into rest.

Ah, then, how sweetly time will glide,
In fond exchange of love and truth,
Unconscious of the silent tide,
Which bears us 'long the stream of youth.

## RECOLLECTION.

"Her charm around the enchantress Memory threw."
*Rogers.*

While near this spot I still delight to stray,
Fond hopes their flatt'ring promises renew,
And soothing mem'ry's intellectual ray,
Recalls past pleasures to my raptur'd view.

Beneath the shade of yon embow'ring trees,
While Clifton's accents sunk upon mine ear,
With him inhaling sober evening's breeze,
I knew no thought which angels might not hear.

How oft, when twilight throws her modest veil,
O'er the last blushes of departing day,
I start and list to catch the well-know tale,
The tender plaint, or mirth-inspiring lay.

Yes, still th' enchantment of that dulcet tone
Bears o'er my soul an unresisted sway;
O! may it e'er the sweet impression own,
While warm'd by faith, and reason's genial ray.

Ne'er may that spark of pure etherial fire
Recede, and leave the joyless mansion drear,
O! may my bosom's fervor ne'er expire,
But still the friend it loves be *fondly dear*.

May cold suspicion never intervene
To rend the chaplet, Truth's fair finger's wove;
But may the nymph, with sapient brow serene,
Stamp her own image on the bond of love.

## TO ELLEN.

You bid me write, and I obey—
But, tell me, nymph, what shall I say?
"What shall you say," you quick exclaim,
"Are not my charms an ample theme?
Say, that the lustre of mine eyes
Each bright comparison defies,
That Hebe, ever youthful fair,
With my light form can scarce compare,
Say that the nectar of my lip
Might tempt an anchorite to sip."

Granted:—your charms I might command;
But, Ellen, I would be your friend.
No fawning, simp'ring, servile fool,
Who smiles and bows by fashion's rule,
Ne'er dares dissent from your decree,
But to your beauty bends the knee,
Content each nobler right to wave,
Proclaims himself your abject slave.
Shun, O my Ellen! shun those snares
Which syren flatt'ry's hand prepares,
Indignant spurn her specious wiles,
Nor trust her soft seductive smiles;
Apply your inexperienc'd youth
To court the sober voice of truth,
That truth which strikes at gaudy pride,
And tears her painted veil aside;
To mental beauties turn your eyes
And conquer follies as they rise,
Subdue the caprice, which obscures
The lustre of a mind like yours,
To being call each embryo grace,
Bid them new tint your youthful face,
Diffuse o'er all those modest charms,
Whose power each feeling bosom warms,

And let it be your ardent care
To be as good, as you are fair.

---

*On reading in the Ladies' Literary Port Folio a note referring to some of my communications.*

With strong sensations of delight, and dread,
The flatt'ring paragraph Eliza read;
Scarce dar'd she trust that that which seem'd so clear
Would at a second glance not disappear
Like those bright forms, which oft, by fancy's pow'r,
Strike on the sight at midnight's awful hour.
Whene'er her timid hand the lines pourtray'd,
She but t' amuse the passing hour essay'd,
Scarce hop'd that e'en fond friendship's partial eye,
Would, in the mass, one little spark espy,
Which might, perchance, be waken'd to a flame,
Fann'd by the gentle breath of modest fame.
And are the effusions of an untaught pen
Perus'd, applauded too! and that by men,
Whose liberal souls, and cultivated minds,
Science expands, and sentiment refines!

Or, has mere compliment bestow'd the praise
Profusely offer'd to those artless lays,
Which flow spontaneous from a guileless heart,
Too early call'd to play an arduous part
On life's grand stage, ere reason has represt,
Or cool experience calm'd her throbbing breast,
Which glows with rapture, or with anguish smarts,
When warm'd by praise, or stung by satire's darts.

## WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN TO ELIZA.

Remember, Miss, with warmth 'twas said by you,
No man, at once, could be in love with two,
Trusting to that, I felt no cautious fears,
But now in love with two o'er head and ears;
They both are handsome, gay, and debonaire,
Yet which excels I know not I declare,
For this, now that, my breast alternate burns,
By Jove I love these charmers each by turns.

## ON READING THE PRECEDING.

In love with two you say! presumptuous youth!
Can a divided heart assert its truth?
Or hope that woman's tenderness to prove,
Who feels herself a sharer in your love?
Ah no! you must, (believe me Mr. M——s)
Reject this creed. If e'er you hope the smiles
Of some sweet girl, whose fond assiduous cares,
E'en now, perhaps, the bridal wreath prepares,
With varying feelings of delight and fear,
Perceives at length, th' eventful hour draw near,
Which stamps the colour of her future life,
And gives you heaven's last, dearest gift, a Wife.
Blest in the gift, O! may your generous breast,
With fond attention, lull each care to rest,
Chase every woe, which, o'er her gentle soul,
Would else assume an undisturb'd controul,
With manly firmness, mild indulgence blend,
And in the husband, ne'er forget the friend.

## WRITTEN ON A WATCH-PAPER.

Should low'ring clouds Lorenzo's sun obscure,
till may he smile in innate truth secure;
lay that pure stream which warms his gen'rous breast
Vhich prompts him still to succour the distrest,
ustain his spirit, nerve his youthful heart,
nd blunt the point of keen misfortune's dart:
lay virtue guide, may every bliss attend
he valued Brother of my dearest friend.

---

TO MRS. C—— WITH A PAIR OF GLOVE-BANDS.

Dearest Madam say, when you
Shall this little off'ring view,
Will it one friendly thought suggest?
Will one kind wish pervade your breast?
That o'er Eliza's aching head,
Hope may her sweetest influence shed;
And Love, the dimpled smiling boy,
Her cares dispel with notes of joy;

Around her brow her wreath display,
His wreath compos'd of flowrets gay,
Whose tiniest bud more sweets disclose,
Than does the odour-breathing rose;
The violet or the primrose pale,
Whose fragrance scents the passing gale,
Or all the perfumes balmy spring,
Can from her bounteous bosom fling.
O source of pure extatic joy,
Enchanting! soul-subduing boy!
O from this fond, this flutt'ring heart,
Ne'er may thy genial ray depart;
Ne'er may that spark of heav'nly fire,
Within this glowing breast expire:
And ne'er this ardent bosom prove,
The tomb of friendship or of love.

## THE MARINER.

" Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow"——
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
" His native hills that rise in happier climes,
" The grot that heard his song of other times,
" Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
" Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
" Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
" And flies at last to Helen's long embrace.

*Campbell.*

While on the bosom of the restless deep,
His midnight watch, the Mariner must keep,
As tow'rd the moon he casts a pensive eye,
And heaves, for distant friends, the heart-felt sigh;
Ah! then, perhaps, by fancy's pow'rful aid,
His home appears, in glowing charms array'd,
Each fav'rite grot, each well remember'd grove,
Scenes of his sport, or witnesses of love;
Each past endearment rushes on his soul,
And absence tints, with brighter hues the whole;
Breathes dewy sweetness on each fragrant flow'r,
And decks with fairy hand, his summer bow'r;
That bow'r where first, in hours of early youth,
His artless lips had utter'd vows of truth;

First watch'd, with breathless hope, the rising sig
The mantling cheek, the half-averted eye,
The thousand dear, yet nameless signs, which pro
The yielding bosom owns a mutual love;
Present, once more, before his mental eye,
The dreary moments pass unheeded by.
No howling blast can chill that glowing breast,
By love, and hope's warm energies, possest,
Alert in duty, prompt at every call,
He flies, with ready zeal, the friend of all
Whom dangers threaten, or whom woes oppress;
Their surest passport to his heart—distress.
O gallant youth! soon may thy native shore,
Thy home, thy parents, greet thy sight once more;
Soon may'st thou hail, with rapture-beaming eye,
The spire which speaks thy destin'd haven nigh;
And soon, O soon! thy gen'rous bosom prove,
Those pure delights which spring from mutual lov

## SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. ROGERS.

; as you say, I do possess your heart,
And every flutt'ring, throbbing pulse impel,
r if my smile can thrilling joy impart,
And cause your breast, with tend'rest bliss, to swell.

ell me, dear youth, by what unconscious charm,
What hidden magic to myself unknown,
ave I excited passion's sweet alarm,
And claim'd the empire of your heart alone?

o me, has nature play'd a stepdame's part,
Devoid of all, that can enchant the eyes,
nblest by fortune, unadorn'd by art,
I simply boast a mind which scorns disguise.

et if, to you, this artless breast is dear,
And you would make its timid guest your own,
read, dear youth, the soft confession here,
It is, it ever will be, your's alone!

## TO EDWIN.

While Edwin, you amid the festive scene,
Shall offer incense to each sprightly fair,
In calm seclusion I shall smile serene,
Nor breathe one wish to join your revels ther

To me, more dear one sweetly placid hour,
In social converse with the friend I love,
Or with a book, whose fascinating power,
An antidote 'gainst ennui, can prove.

But, Edwin, you for gayer pleasures sigh,
Less solid joys enchant your frolic mind,
Unconscious that those joys like light'ning fly,
And, like its flash, leave deeper gloom behind

But, go, my friend, the transient bliss enjoy,
Sport 'mid the scenes, which charm your youl
heart,
Ere chilling time, their magic, shall destroy,
And these light pleasures, like a dream, depa

ut O! as 'mid the festive train you strive,
From care, from business, to unbend your mind,
hile every sense, to pleasure, is alive;
Give one fond thought to her you leave behind.

## TO EDWIN.

As late I saw thee, 'mid the festive throng,
Trace the gay dance through every varied maze,
My partial eye, still following thee along,
Dwelt on thy form with fond unwearied gaze.

Whene'er the changeful measure brought thee near,
My quicken'd pulse, with tender tumults, beat,
he glowing cheek, the ready springing tear
roclaim'd thee, master of my bosom's seat.

ut, not, in scenes like these, to bear thy part,
And shine the foremost in the sprightly train,
ould, for one moment, charm Cecilia's heart,
Or bid it own the force of love's fond pain;

Did not, dear Edwin, thy ingenuous truth,
Thy gen'rous soul, which spurns deception's guile
Thy artless mind, thy clear untainted youth,
Beam in thy glance, and speak in every smile,

Yet, if the tender hope, which sooths my soul,
As baseless as a morning dream should prove,
And cold experience with a chilling scowl,
Should sternly say, "Edwin but feign'd to love."

Believe me, Edwin, howe'er deep the wound,
Or sharp the pang, which then would rend my breast
In conscious virtue would a balm be found
To give my bosom back its wonted rest.

But hence suspicion, cold distrust, adieu.
Anguish can never reach me in thy form,
Be thou, O youth belov'd! unfeign'dly true,
And undismay'd, I'll meet each adverse storm

Of angry fate. As round our humble shed,
The tempest raves with wild, unheeded rage
Cecilia's arm shall pillow thy lov'd head,
And with unceasing zeal each care assuage.

Ah then! one tender, one approving smile,
One speaking glance from thy expressive eye,
Each throb shall still, each boding fear beguile,
And change to rapture, cares corroding sigh.

## TO MARY.

WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF MR. ——.

O charmer divine! to thee, the tenth part
I freely resign, of this quick beating heart.
Refuse not the gift, though the next blooming face
Thy image from Ormond's gay breast may erase;
For, prompted by truth, I must freely declare,
That my homage I pay at the shrine of each fair;
Offer courtship to all, swear that each radiant eye
My soul has entranc'd, and her slave I must die;
To the next sprightly maid I repeat the same strain,
And entreat from her smiles a relief to my pain;
To the next, and the next, tell the tale o'er, and o'er,
While each credulous nymph thinks 'tis her I adore:

"But trust me whoever the rover obtains,
Will find me a conquest that's scarce worth their pa

## TO EDWIN.

Why is it, that with earnest gaze,
I dwell on every glance of thine?
Sure nature in thy face displays
No charm to fix a heart like mine.—

Which long has flutter'd free, untam'd,
When many a vow of tend'rest love,
With truth prefer'd, with fervour fram'd,
Has fail'd a kindred warmth to move:

But now entranc'd, no more the whole
Of wide creation's vast expanse,
Conveys such rapture to my soul,
As thou, in one impassion'd glance.

Ah wherefore this refin'd delight?
From whence do these emotions rise?
Yet answer not—'tis needless quite,
It beams in thy expressive eyes.

O! lucent orbs, still on my soul
Your radiance pour, still let me prove
That bliss, which can each care controul,
The extacy of mutual love.

## TO ELLEN, WITH A BOOK.

To you, fair nymph, this book I lend,
'Twas sent me by an absent friend,
Whom I shall e'er revere;
Though distant from his native home,
The valued youth is doom'd to roam,
And deems his lot severe.

O may his wildly beating heart,
Which throbs with feeling's keenest sn
Be still to virtue true,
And then, howe'er his cup of woe,
By human ills, may overflow,
Some drops shall mingle too

Of th[illegible] sweet dew, which nature sheds
O'er [illegible] lov'd vot'ries favor'd heads;
[illegible]s, by some limpid stream,
The [illegible]apt enthusiast" loves to rove,
Framing soft tales of tend'rest love
To sooth his pensive dream.

Then guard his steps, benignant power
And give to all his future hours
The bliss of conscious truth,
Until his vital stream shall cease,
And he attain those realms of peace,
Where blooms immortal youth!

## AUDLEY AND EMMELINE.

I gaz'd on the flow'ret which lately was grac'd
y a seat in the bosom of her I adore;
true to its trust faithful mem'ry retrac'd
he soul-thrilling smile, which my Emmeline wore

en, I fault'ring, essay'd to reveal the soft cause
f those tender emotions, I could not disguise;
, prompted by hope, fondly sought in each pause,
er feelings to trace in her mild-beaming eyes.

the syren, for once, spoke a language sincere,
he whisper'd, that Emmeline's heart was my own
t Audley, to that gentle bosom, was dear,
nd love in her breast had erected his throne.

ioment of bliss! still it thrills through my breast,
When first the enchantress, in accents divine,
I that Audley and Emmeline yet should be blest,
nd the maid, I ador'd, would forever be mine.

Confirm'd now my own, still with transport supreme
That scene of delight I enraptur'd review;
Still is Emmeline's virtues my soul's dearest theme,
Still with fervor, my first fondest vow I renew.

## TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS QUITTING CHARLESTON TO REJOIN HIS FAMILY IN IRELAND.

While the bold tars prepare to quit that shore,
Which thou, O! S——s wilt behold no more;
While nought detains thee, but the truant gale,
Which idly shunning to expand the sail,
Now raises hopes, and now those hopes derides;
As some vain fair, who in her beauty prides,
Tortures the breast, which beats with tend'rest love
Her own *imagin'd* consequence to prove—
(Ah too unconscious that the barbed dart
Must quick recoil, and pierce her erring heart!)
The looks of all regret's pale emblems bear,
The parting tribute to a friend so dear.

Guide of my youth, accept the artless lay,
Which truth and gratitude united pay;
O! may thy precepts ever be impress
First in the records of Eliza's breast,
When giddy youth shall prompt her to pursue
Some fancied bliss, which folly holds to view,
Or tempts her nature's simple path to spurn,
Then may thy counsels, her weak foosteps turn;
To truth's fair glass direct her conscious eye,
And bid her *there* the lurking ills descry;
Snatch the fond girl from flatt'ry's dang'rous maze,
And bid her *merit*, ere she *values* praise.
O friend rever'd! although a trackless sea
Will roll its billows between thee and me;
Though thy kind voice no more will greet mine ear,
Still shall it's accents to my soul be dear;
Still the remembrance of thy guardian care
Shall prompt this heart, to breathe the fervent prayer,
That every bliss, approving heaven can send,
May wait the home, to which thy wishes tend.
May the lov'd group, which soon thou hop'st to greet,
Thy dearest, tenderest expectations meet;
May every moment wing'd with transport fly,
And rapture's gems illume each radiant eye;

May added years each winning grace improve,
In those dear pledges of thy Mary's love;
May she, the partner of thy joy and care,
The placid smile of bland contentment wear;
And should capricious fortune e'er bring o'er
A lov'd descendant, to our favor'd shore,
Should chance direct, or inclination guide
The welcome wanderer 'cross the western tide;
Then, while thy former friends shall vie to shew
The youthful stranger, what, to thee, they owe,
Eliza, as she studies to repay
His parent's friendship, then shall proudly say,
"With *none* to flatter, *none* to *recommend*,
S——s *approv'd*, and *mark'd* me for a *friend*."

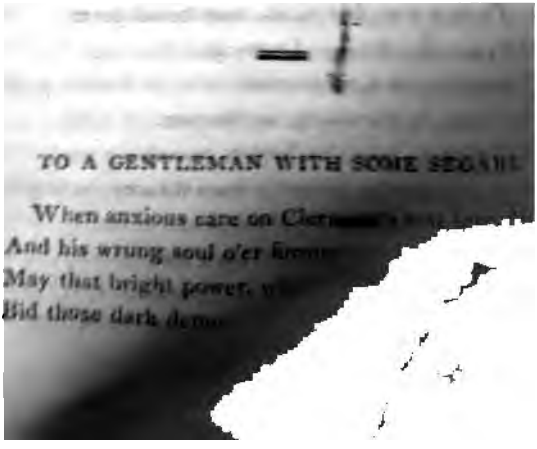
## TO A GENTLEMAN WITH SOME SEGARS.

When anxious care on Clermont's rest intrudes,
And his wrung soul o'er former sorrow broods,
May that bright power, whose influence all adore,
Bid those dark demons haunt his peace no more.

No more may anguish his pure breast annoy,
Be every flutt'ring fibre tun'd to joy,
May the slight off'ring, which I now enclose,
Assist the wanderer to forget his woes.
In pensive mood when he shall seek relief
From that, which, I have heard, disperses grief,
May every whiff dispel some source of care,
And fill his mind with visions true and fair.

## TO E. K. M.

Though you, fair maid, may trivial deem
This simple off'ring of esteem,
Yet take it, as a tribute due
To truth, to friendship, and to you:
And with it, take this fervent prayer,
That you may be heaven's dearest care;
May virtue in your heart preside,
May prudence all your actions guide,
May peace attend your future hours,
May love your pathway strew with flowers,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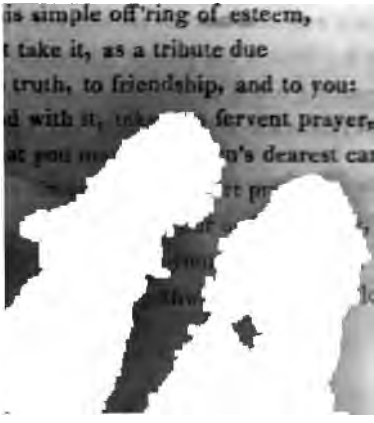

And may you ever boast a friend,
True as the one by whom these lines are pen

## THE MINIATURE.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. ROGERS.

" And hence that calm delight the portrait give
" We gaze on every feature till it lives."
*Rog*

The sun was just sinking beneath the blue w
Which richly reflected his last radiant bea
As I prest to my bosom the pledge Albert g
His dear, parting token of tender esteem.

May yon orb, I exclaim'd, as I gaz'd on the
Which time but more fondly endears to my
May he prove our emblem, tho' sometimes th
Obscures his bright course as he sinks in th

ly emerging, in splendor sublime,
nature transported confesses his sway,
s every gloom, enlivens each clime,
e universe darting his soul-cheering ray.

' dark clouds of anguish, with influence dire,
hile dim the pathway we wish to pursue;
ction's mild orb may the shadows retire,
e, hope, and truth their bright empire renew.

## TO EDWIN.

n the fond, faithful heart, inspir'd to prove
dship refin'd, the calm delights of love,
all its tender strings in anguish torn,
bleeds at perjur'd pride's inhuman scorn."
*Campbell.*

s (long hence) if this should meet thine eye,
ate may make the deep-fraught sigh
regret, that e'er her guileless heart,
, was doom'd to meet th' envenom'd dart

Of cold neglect, which, striking at her peace,
Bade each soft source of tender pleasure cease;
Deep in her bosom fixt its mortal fangs,
And riv'd her breast with disappointment's pangs.
When youth, and youthful levities are o'er,
And that which pleases now, shall please no more;
When thy wrung soul with keen regret opprest,
Shall seek some tender, sympathizing breast,
Some gentle friend to sooth thy bosom's woe,
Melt in thy griefs, and with thy transports glow,
Ah then! perhaps, my image may appear,
Awake the sigh, impel the starting tear,
My artless fondness, my unvaried truth,
Though deeply injur'd breathing no reproof:
All, all may rise before thy mental view,
For memory e'er, (to sorrow sadly true,)
Directs to former scenes the streaming eyes,
And dwells on joys we learnt too late to prize.
Ah youth belov'd! could my fond prayers avail,
Nor grief, nor anguish should thy peace assail;
Smoothly should life's unruffled current glide,
With not one stormy care to swell the tide,
No painful thought should ever intervene
To shade, with sorrow's clouds, the smiling scene

Around thy brow love's choicest sweets should bloom,
And friendship smooth thy passage to the tomb.

---

ON READING THE ADIEU AND RECAL TO POETRY.

Yes, Poesy, well thy magic power I know,
To heighten bliss, to sooth the pang of woe,
To rob misfortune of its keenest sting,
And buoy the soul on fancy's airy wing;
To bid the breast each dear sensation prove,
When warm'd by friendship, or refin'd by love.
When disappointment bids my pleasure's fly,
To thee I turn, enchanting Poesy!
And, as my bosom owns thy sweet controul,
I feel a sacred transport thrill my soul.
'Tis true that varied woes I often feign,
And pour the notes in sorrow's saddest strain,
While calm and placid my unruffled breast,
By friendship honor'd, in affection blest,
"Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
"And asks no power, save that of pleasing most."

Yet sometimes too in fiction's garb array'd,
Are the true feelings of my soul pourtray'd;
And, as beneath affliction's load I faint,
I feel the anguish, which I strive to paint.

## TO MY FRIEND.

"Dark shades of eve steal o'er the green,"
And scarcely now a form is seen,
Thine own alone except;
And ever may the circling year,
Behold thee, as it views thee here,
The friend I most respect.

May sordid interest ne'er divide,
Nor sorrow chase me from thy side,
No ills shall then molest;
No anguish shall o'erwhelm the mind,
By gentle sympathy refin'd,
By tender friendship blest:

Secure of that, no boding fear
Should ever find admission here,
To wound my bosom's peace;
Then grant, dear youth, this artless prayer,
Your friendship give, 'twill heal each care,
And bid each sorrow cease.

## TO THE SAME.

Ah tell me! why this cold neglect?
How, valued youth, could'st thou reject
That off'ring of regard?
Hope dar'd not whisper, 'twould be dear,
But, as you knew it was sincere,
To slight it was most hard.

True friendship is so rarely found,
'Tis cruel, wantonly to wound,
A gentle, feeling breast,
Whose highest wishes only claim,
From thee a friend's endearing name,
To sooth her cares to rest.

Believe me, youth, more dear I deem
Thy slightest token of esteem,
Than aught which wealth affords;
And would'st thou but that boon bestow,
I'd prize it as my shield 'gainst woe,
As misers guard their hoards.

## THE FAREWEL.

" And must I see thee start away,
" And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say:
" Farewel, we meet no more!"

*Cowper.*

Thou, on whose accents I have hung,
As heaven itself was on thy tongue,
The faintest whisper of whose voice,
Hath made my inmost soul rejoice,
Must thy lov'd lips now only sever,
To tell me we must part forever?
Forever must my heart resign
The ardent vows receiv'd from thine?

that fond hope forego,
sooth'd me under keenest woe;
gave to life its dearest charm,
le its sorrows cease to harm?
! Oh that fatal sound!
ep, how deadly does it wound!
: the tyrant's icy dart,
the pulses of my heart,
; the wreath which fancy wove,
ghts the sweetest flow'rs of love;
e alas! those flow'rs shall bloom,
pless breast is now their tomb,
ı, farewel! and farewel too,
oy, and peace, to all, adieu;
than language e'er can tell,
, ever, Oh farewel!

*On seeing in the bosom of a Gentleman a Rose, which had been sent to me with some lines, declaring it be emblematic of my fate.*

Were thine indeed an emblem of my fate,
O! were thy beauty, and thy fragrance mine,
I'd breathe no wishes to *prolong* my date,
Could mine, fair flower, in *all* resemble thine:

For thou, sweet bud, art cherish'd and caress,
Securely guarded from each noisome blast
(An envied seat) in Edwin's valued breast,
Thy *tints* may *fade*, but all thy *sweets* shall last

## TO SUSAN.

O Susan! though thy artless breast
Hath never own'd one throb for me,
In friendship and affection blest,
May every bliss attend on thee.

The hopes which long I cherish'd here,
Are, dearest maid, forever flown;
Though to this breast thou'lt e'er be dear,
I claim a *Brother's* name alone.

Too oft that gentle breast I've griev'd,
By urging an unpleasing theme;
By syren hope no more deceiv'd,
Truth now dispels the illusive dream.

Yet still I'll breathe the fervent prayer,
That all, which might thy peace annoy
May quick disperse, and every care
Assume the smiling form of joy.

May some lov'd youth thy faith repay
With such as I have ow'd to thee;
If blest, dear maid, thou'lt still convey
Reflected happiness to me.

## CECILIA TO HER HEART.

" The moments of delight how sweet,
" But ah how swift they flew!"
*Edward Moore.*

Fond flutt'rer cease, no more thou'lt own
The joys to firm attachment due;
To number sighs is thine alone,
And mourn the hours which swiftly flew.

Since thou no more shalt sweetly thrill,
What magic can thy peace restore?
The bosom once so warm, is chill,
Or glows, alas! for thee, no more.

Since then thy hopes thou hast resign'd,
Since rapture thou no more shalt know,
Poor simple flutt'rer, haste and find
In apathy, relief from woe.

## SONG.

Of late when Albert told his tale,
And urg'd a kind reply,
I felt my fault'ring accents fail,
And spoke but with a sigh:

For, long, long since his worth and truth
To me were fully prov'd,
And while I view'd the matchless youth,
Approving, soon I lov'd.

But jealous doubts, and anxious fears,
Disturb'd my tortur'd breast,
The pillow, moisten'd by my tears,
Reveal'd my want of rest.

But now, to doubts I bid adieu,
Distrust I here resign,
The youth, I love, is fond and true,
His heart is wholly mine.

## TO E. K. M.

Eliza, see that blushing flower,
  Which bashful seems to shrink from view,
The fair, frail empress of an hour,
  Quickly will fade its radiant hue.

So fair, so sweet, my hopes once bloom'd,
  And, ah! as transient too their date,
To cold neglect unkindly doom'd,
  Soon shall I meet an early fate.

And while that fate you sadly mourn,
  And pay the tear to friendship due;
This throbbing breast, no longer torn,
  To all its woes shall bid adieu.

## THE REPLY.

en (to a restless youth I cried)
.re you from cares a moment free?
er, dear maid, he quick replied;
'ever, except when I'm with thee.

## INVITATION TO THE MISS T——'s

Ladies fair,
I do declare,
That I'll most happy be,
If you will skip,
With me to sip
A social dish of tea.

No envious spleen
Shall here be seen,
Our pastime to annoy,

But frank and free,
We'll sportive be,
  Nor own a thought but joy;

And if perchance,
Mirth to enhance,
  Ben's footsteps hither bend,
I beg you'll greet,
With accents sweet,
  My long respected friend.

He is, in truth,
A noble youth,
  Gay, generous, and sincere,
A brother's name
From him I claim,
  And own the title dear.

No longer time
Have I to rhyme,
  Or other favorites tell,
But grant my boon,
By coming soon,
  Till then, sweet girls, farewel.

## AN ADIEU TO POESY.

Poesy, adieu! no more thy dulcet strain
ın sooth a heart, which bleeds at every vein,
ıough late to thee my fondest vows I paid,
ıd with a suppliant voice, implor'd thy aid,
r sad experience now I'm doom'd to prove,
ıu point each pang of friendship, or of love.
vain for peace, for ease, we vainly strive,
'hen every nerve, so tremblingly alive,
hrills with remember'd rapture at a tone,
other scenes, in former periods, known,
r bids the sigh, the tear of anguish start,
nd rives with keenest pangs the feeling heart;
'hen some memento, pledge of fond esteem,
ıldly return'd, dispels th' enchanting dream
'hich hope had cherish'd. Ah how frail the joy,
'hich thus a breath creates, or can destroy!

## PARTING FRIENDS.

The moment comes in which we sever,
Yet though far distant soon I'll be,
This heart, to friendship true, shall ever,
With fond regard, remember thee.

And if, while hence my footsteps roam,
Some dear, ingenuous girl I meet,
I'll think on her I left at home,
And, for thy sake, the stranger greet.

And O! should grief thy peace assail,
If foes oppress, if friends betray,
If all thy other hopes should fail,
Remember him who 's far away.

## INTENDED FOR A WATCH-PAPER,

THE MOTTO OF WHICH WAS: "I ASPIRE."

! since no art can time's swift course arrest,
:arly virtue on thy heart imprest.
:kly will youth's light pleasures fleet away,
truth, and honor, never can decay;
se are the firm support of life's decline,
ıay they ever, evermore be thine!
when the world's illusive joys retire,
ley, may thou to purer bliss *aspire*.

## IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THE TRIAL OF EMMET.

ınd of my fathers! your flow'rets are faded,
ression's dark cloud the fair blossoms have shaded;
the bright son of freedom their beauties restore,
peace, truth, and liberty bloom evermore.

## TO SUSAN.

O! might each woe, which heaven designs for t
Averted pass, and spend its force, on me,
Fearless would I life's keenest sorrows prove,
To shield from agony the breast I love,
And O! how amply, dearly thou'dst o'erpay
Each painful toil, if then thou'dst fondly say,
" Selim, thy worth and truth are fully known,
" My heart receive, it throbs for thee alone."

## TO MELMOND.

" When the storms of fortune prest thee,
" I have wept to see thee weep:
" When relentless cares distrest thee,
" I have lull'd those cares to sleep."

*Mrs. Robinson.*

The busy crew the anchor weighing,
The port receded from my view,
But still as on the deck delaying,
My parting thoughts dwelt all on you.

In pleasure's train, I saw you sporting,
'Mid rival youths the phantom seek,
In varied forms the syren courting,
While hope's warm tints new flush'd your cheek.

Now proud ambition claim'd your duty,
To interest now your homage paid,
Now bending at the shrine of beauty,
To please, was every art essay'd.

No tender thought of me impeding,
No generous wish my peace to spare;
My image from thy breast receding,
Its vows were offer'd to each fair.

Ah yes! they may be fairer, dearer,
In fortune's brighter charms array'd,
But will they, can they, love sincerer
Than she, whose hopes you have betray'd?

Or say, when grief your heart appalling,
When sickness furrows your smooth brow,
Will they, each past delight recalling,
Still fond repeat the fervent vow?

And o'er the couch of anguish bending,
Where fortune's darkest tempest pours,
Will they, when grief their hearts are rending,
Conceal their pangs to soften yours?

And will they still, with faith endearing,
When malice would your fame assail,
Your worth and honor e'er revering,
Contemn the slanderer's venom'd tale?

" And will—But see, my pulses beating
" With life's last throb, now faintly move,"
The world, and all its cares retreating,——
Her spirit sought the realms above.

And now, while vain regrets consuming,
Repentant Melmond mourns her doom,
Spring's choicest, fairest flow'rets blooming,
Shed their sweets around her tomb.

## IMPROMPTU.

Why hangs that cloud upon your brow?
O tell me all! and tell me now?
Say, wherefore do you grieve?
What cares disturb that valued breast,
Which I could wish forever blest,
With all that heaven can give?

## TO LUCIUS,

ON PERUSING HIS LINES IN THE COURIER.

Mistaken youth, O may you ne'er
Be rous'd from this delusive dream,
Still be your visions void of care,
And *painless* love be still your theme.

But, free from anxious fears, while e'er
That dear *delightful calm* you prove,
You may *esteem, admire* the fair,
But, trust me, youth, you do not *love*.

## TO A GENTLEMAN,

*Who had declared his determination, in times of danger, to offer his services in his Country's cause.*

"Thine be fair honor's generous glow."
*Maria Riddell.*

Go, gallant youth, at honor's call,
The glorious path to fame pursue,
If in the conflict doom'd to fall,
Your urn shall virtue's tears bedew;

And precious is the tear she sheds,
To sooth the wounds which fortune gave;
Or falling on the mangled heads,
Which ruthless war sends to the grave.

But O! as on the ensanguin'd plain,
You victory's banner proudly rear,
With conquest flush'd, of prowess vain,
Be 't still your noblest pride *to spare.*

O! rather raise the bending reed,
Than crush it rudely to the ground;
Be 't yours to close the veins which bleed,
Not deeper urge the ghastly wound.

So shall the wreath, the fair entwine,
The hero's generous brow to grace,
Unfading bloom with tints divine,
Which Envy never shall deface.

## TO JOSEPH.

" For thee affection wakes with tender care,
" Delighted smiles, and breathes the fervent prayer."
*Davis.*

Sweet may thy slumbers ever be,
Beloved Boy! thus may they e'er
Be guarded by a friend like me,
And be thy visions ever fair.

Still may thy dear ingenuous breast,
Retain its native worth, and truth,
In friendship and affection blest,
May age confirm the hopes of youth.

---

*To one who disapproved of my devoting my leisure hours to Poetry.*

I own the truth of what you've said,
My lays are vapid, trite and dead,

Devoid of force, of feeling, fire,
I never must to fame aspire.
Content, if at the base I creep,
Of proud Parnassus' honor'd steep.
Catching, perchance, some vagrant flower,
The Muses scatter from their bower:
And while to sooth the sense of grief,
I seek to twine a simple wreath,
As no presumption mingles there,
My faults excuse, my errors spare.

## TO MY FRIEND.

'was here, where now I pensively recline,
And day's last radiance fades upon my sight,
/ith thee I've watch'd each glowing tint decline,
With thee have hail'd the pallid Queen of Night.

ft on the bosom of yon limpid stream,
Whose murmurs gently steal upon the ear,
'e 've mark'd with raptur'd eye, each playful beam,
And distant music heard or seem'd to hear.

Perhaps 'twas but that cave-imprison'd mai
Who soft repeated o'er each tender tale,
Echo'd each vow, which thou hadst fondly
And fraught with melody the passing ga

Perhaps, some seraph bending from his sp
With rapt attention, caught th' impassion
And as he paus'd the dulcet strain to hear,
Whisper'd the tale to kindred spirits rou

O thou! with whom my fate I fain would b
Thou whom from feeling's dawn, my soul
Yes! kindred spirits will delighted bend
To catch the accents, which erewhile th

How oft, when sweet illusion's magic powe
Enwraps the poet in soft fancy's dream,
I seek this lov'd, this well-remember'd bow
And frame those lays, of which thou'rt still

Yes, e'er for thee, while memory holds he
Or life's warm fluid animates my breast,
Each sigh shall breathe, each flutt'ring pulse
Thy smile alone can make me truly bles

And if condemn'd to trace some desert wild,
Which human step had never trod before,
Wert thou but near, I'd think that Eden smil'd,
Nor seek a fairer region to explore.

## THE SERENADE.

TO THOSE WHO COMPLIMENTED ME.

" With rapt ear drink th' enchanting serenade,
" And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,
" To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
" And bless the strain that bids her slumbers fly."
*Rogers.*

Say, gallant youths, I pray you, say,
What was it prompted you to pay
This compliment to one,
Whom fortune has unkindly plac'd
Upon a bleak, and barren waste,
Unnotic'd and unknown?

Devoid of beauty, wit, or grace,
No charms have I of form, or face,
Attention to excite.
But, gallant youths, while I accept
This mark of undeserv'd respect,
Which yet conveys delight,

Take my best wishes, that the day,*
Which you with hearts elate and gay,
Have join'd to celebrate,
At each return may still behold
Your names in freedom's list enroll'd,
Unstain'd by party hate.

Supporters of your country's cause,
Her rights, her liberties, her laws,
O! be it e'er your pride,
From injury to shield the weak,
The paths of honest fame to seek,
And virtue be your guide.

* The fourth of July.

## IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN IN A NEW MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

As fresh and pure as now these leaves appear,
'er be thy cheek, unsullied by a tear,
)! ne'er may shame's deep flush thy face o'erspread,
lor conscious guilt decline thy youthful head,
ut, like the pages may thy mind be fair,
nd virtue stamp her bright impression there.

## TO MY FRIEND.

Days, weeks, and months have fleeted swift away,
ıd, in their annual course, return'd the day,
ı which, that voice, by time confirm'd so dear,
rst pour'd its thrilling accents on mine ear;
ıd fain I'd now some slight memento give,
which its memory in thy mind might live;

That thou, when ploughing life's tempestuous sea,
Might sometimes give a passing thought to me,
And pensive musing o'er the scenes of youth,
Recall my friendship, and respect its truth;
Retrace events, in which I bore a part,
And bid my image *live* within thy heart.

## TO ELVINA.

"I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
"Felt the fond pang, and droop'd in anguish weak."

O thou! to whom my earliest vows were paid,
Who taught my breast the thrill to feeling true,
How could thy smiles illumine, dearest maid,
The dreary path I'm destin'd to pursue.

Would thy bright eyes emit one favoring beam,
One glance of sympathy, one ray divine,
O! dare I but indulge the flatt'ring dream,
That some blest hour might yet behold thee mine!

Hence! to me relentless fate denies,
The distant prospect of a heart like thine;
gaze with ardent but despairing eyes,
On that bright treasure, which will ne'er be mine.

Once gay and frolic, as the playful fawn,
That bounds delighted o'er its native plain,
hail'd with ravish'd eye, life's brilliant dawn,
Nor sought, nor wish'd the rosy hours to chain.

With transport wing'd, the rapid moments flew,
While each succession varied pleasures brought,
To love unknown, to fame, to fortune, new,
The *ills* of life ne'er claim'd one transient thought.

While thus with sportive hand I cropt each flower,
Whose fragrance charm'd, or beauty caught mine eye,
Elvina came,—my soul confess'd thy power,
And my fond bosom heav'd th' impassion'd sigh.

Successive suns have shed their lucent beams,
And grateful nature hail'd their bright return,
Cheerless to me, the chequer'd prospect seems,
While doom'd the pangs of hopeless love to mourn.

Reason and time, in vain, exert their power,
From my true heart, thy image to efface;
Fruitless their efforts, while each varying hour
Reveals some virtue, or displays some grace.

But, Oh farewel! not long shall I deplore
The agonizing throes, which rend my breast,
For soon its cares, its suff'rings will be o'er,
And, in the grave, its sorrows will find rest.

---

*To one who apologized for presenting me with a sour Apple.*

I call it sweet; you ask me, why?
And look, expecting my reply.
Might I assign a reason true,
I'd say—because 'twas touch'd by you.

## TO MISS D——E.

Repeat again that thrilling strain,
Which lately yielded such delight;
It charm'd away the sense of pain,
And made my throbbing heart sit light.

To scenes of bliss, my memory flew,
And while I hail'd her sweet controul,
Fond hope, with promise bland as true,
Resum'd her empire o'er my soul.

Then pour, once more, thy artless song,
In dulcet murmurs on mine ear;
And fancy shall those notes prolong,
Which angels might enraptur'd hear.

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RITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF Mr. ——.

'ith pensive pleasure still I linger here,
:re oft thy accents charm'd my raptur'd ear,

And now, though sever'd by a trackless sea,
Distance can ne'er divide my heart from thee;
But, like the needle faithful to the pole,
To thee still turns the wishes of my soul:
And though I bow before another shrine,
My heart, sweet girl, is truly—wholly thine.

## A REFLECTION.

The generous soul that bows at virtue's throne,
Will nobly trust, with equal truth to meet;
While treacherous bosoms, judging by their own,
Expect, in every breast to find deceit.

## THE REWARD.

With pliant fingers, I essay
To blend the silk in colours gay,

l while I urge the pleasing task,
: only recompense I ask,
cheer my labour in the while,
imply,—a complacent smile.

## THE DEATH OF Mr. I. H.

er mourns, Oh H——! thy early fate,
long, but known, alas! so late;
I mark'd thy soul-illumin'd face.
ing beauty shed a languid grace,
death, still rending each fond tie,
ad bosom, wrung the bursting sigh.
nger thus laments thy doom,
the flower just blasted in its bloom,
he pangs, the anguish they must prove,
l thy friendship, confidence, and love?
ah me! perhaps some artless maid
with frantic fondness on thy shade,
'ring, views a waste of future years,
or thee, the unavailing tears;

Dear, hapless girl, may I that pang ne'er prove,
But share the grave of him, my heart may love.

## EDGAR.

Bright rose the morn, the flutt'ring sail
Its swelling breast expanded wide,
And, as its bosom caught the gale,
The barque light bounded o'er the tide.

Upon the deck young Edgar stood,
And as the foaming surge he ey'd,
"My wishes aid, deep-rolling flood,
And ye auspicious gales," he cry'd,

"To Carolina's fertile plains,
Clad in the gayest garb of spring,
Where smiling plenty ever reigns,
The fond impatient wanderer bring.

"The mistress of my soul, e'en now
Perhaps, may gaze with anxious eye,
And, while thy stormy breast I plough,
For absent Edgar heave the sigh.

"Ye guardian powers! who favor love,
O whisper in my fair one's ear,
Her rover ne'er will faithless prove,
His ardent vows were all sincere.

"His blest return, then bid her hail!
Love's blushes mantling o'er her cheek,
And, while her fault'ring accents fail,
*Look* all, that language cannot speak."

Propitious to his prayer, the wind
The barque quick wafted to the shore,
And while hope's visions fill'd his mind,
Edgar believ'd his suff'rings o'er.

With eager step, the cot he sought,
Where Anna's smiles were wont to cheer,
Which ever present to his thought,
Absence had serv'd but to endear.

He sought,—but O! the charm was broke;
No more his step was hail'd with joy,
No timid glance from Anna, spoke
A welcome to the rover boy.

Transfix'd, indignant stood the youth,
While grief, and rage, by turns assail,
Till half suspicious of the truth,
A rival's lip confirm'd the tale.

That tale spoke torture to his soul,
But still by manly pride sustain'd,
He, though his grief defied controul,
Remonstrance, or complaint disdain'd.

In scenes of active life once more,
He hop'd a lenient balm to find;
Again adventrous left the shore,
And fearless, brav'd the boist'rous wind.

But long, in vain the wanderer strove
To sooth his wounded soul to rest;
The pangs of unrequited love
Corroded still his manly breast.

At length, triumphant reason broke
The galling chains which passion gave,
Bade him, disdainful spurn the yoke,
Nor bend capricious Anna's slave.

When o'er the youthful Edgar's head,
Benignant hope, and smiling peace,
Their bland, their gentle influence shed,
And bade each wild emotion cease:

Then in that calm, that tranquil hour,
Matilda's artless graces stole
With soft, yet sweetly magic power,
Their fetters o'er his yielding soul.

Blest in his choice, the generous youth,
No cold suspense is doom'd to prove,
The maid repays his worth and truth,
And fault'ring, owns a mutual love.

## ON THE DEATH OF Mr. W. A.

Ere hope deceiv'd,—ere sorrow had deprest,
Or cold suspicion chill'd his glowing breast,
While youth, and health had promis'd years to come,
A——s is summon'd to the silent tomb.
But not unhonor'd.—O'er his early bier
A Brother pours the agonizing tear,
While friendship, and affection, lingering nigh,
Join in his woes, and echo back each sigh,
And, as their mingled tears bedew the sod,
The spirit soars to meet its parent God.

## ON HAVING TRACED THE NAME OF EDWIN ON SAND.

Though Edwin's valued name on sand I trace,
Within his heart I'd fain my image place.

## OCCASIONED BY THE PRECEDING.

'Twas thus, as late on Sullivan's beach I stray'd,
While faintly murmur'd the retiring tide,
Leaning on William's arm I sportive said,
And my fond bosom thrill'd with conscious pride;

The dear conviction, that his guardian arm,
Thro' life's long journey, would unceasing prove
A sure defence, a refuge from all harm,
The firm support, the stay of timid love.

"On *Edwin's* heart!" enquir'd the astonish'd youth,
"O say! is Edwin then become so dear?
Do you, for him, reject my vows of truth,
And scorn the homage of a heart sincere?"

No, valued youth, thou art, and only thou,
The dear, the sole possessor of my heart,
To whom I plight the undissembled vow,
Proudly superior to the laws of art:

That art which tempts in apathy, to veil
The noblest feelings of the human breast,
And feign indifference to the tender tale,
In native truth's unsullied garments drest.

While, dearest William, thy soul-thrilling voice,
Utter fond vows of truth, and endless love,
Blest in thy converse, honor'd by thy choice,
I ask, and wish no higher lot to prove.

*On being requested by some Gentlemen to write their Epitaphs, the following were the effusions of the mirthful moment.*

ON ORMOND.

His bow the grisly tyrant bent,
And to the shades poor Ormond sent,
Since gone, we praise him, but, good lack!
None of us wish to have him back.

## ON FLORIVILLE.

Then Floriville, that restless boy,
Whom whispers, atoms could annoy,
He's off,—'Tis hop'd his cares will cease,
Now we enjoy a little peace.

## ON BELMONT.

Belmont was next, so meek, so mild,
Nor vexing woman, man, nor child,
No starts of caprice ever felt
That breast, where calm complaisance dwelt.
Strange contrast, between him and John,
But, quiet soul, he too is gone.

## ON WILMOT.

The grave philosopher, who, erst,
Our mists of error quick disperst,
From wisdom's lore a sad seceder,
Had turn'd a very novel reader,

When death, his fading fame to save,
Straight snatch'd him to a shelt'ring grave.

## ON CLERMONT.

Charles Clermont, who, with look sedate,
As though he'd read the book of fate,
Appear'd to think my mirth a treason
Against the laws of sober reason;
Of such a grave, sententious wight,
'Twere sure temerity to write,
Unless, since listed 'neath his banners,
Grim Death hath taught him better manners.

## ON ELIZA.

There's one whose temper, like the weather,
Seem'd not the same an hour together;
Now building castles in the air,
And now the semblance of despair,
You'll ask, "who's this capricious elf?"
And I must own it is—myself.

## TO EDWIN.

O! bid those orbs no longer shed,
On me, their fascinating rays.
Abash'd, I bend my timid head,
Unable to sustain their gaze.

Too fondly to my memory's view
They bring the time forever flown,
The time when I believ'd you true,
And thought your heart was all my own.

Then gaze, beloved youth, no more,
Rouse no emotions in a breast,
Which, since its dearest hope is o'er,
Expects not bliss, but longs for rest.

## TO MISS S——E.

'Twas late, when in familiar chat,
Speaking of this thing, and of that,
Of "Beggar Girls," of "Erin's Prince,"
And various other things—which since
I've quite forgot. Amid our talk,
We both assented, that a walk
Would be delightful, when the beam
Of Sol first plays on Ashley's stream;
But since, alack, nor you, nor I
(We both confess'd it with a sigh!)
Possess an influence o'er the beaux,
Which in my thinking plainly shews
Much want of *taste* upon *their* part;
Though hapless, we must bear the smart;
Let us in self defence, unite,
To tread the mazy path aright;
Until benignant fate shall send us
Some firmer guardian to defend us.
And so, my gentle maid, whene'er
You feel dispos'd to breathe the air,

Name but the time I may expect you,
And *I'll* be ready to *protect* you.

## TO ELIZA AND HER FRIEND,

*An answer to the preceding—The Author unknown.*

Had wit the power to win a beau,
Eliza's witty strains do shew,
She would have numbers in her train;
But no—she wields the quill in vain;
Our modern beaux seek but such Fair
As cannot judge what fools they are.
'Tis not with poetry, but pence
That beaux are caught, Eliza, sense,
With modern beaux, is "quite a bore,"
A dreaded hag, that stings them sore,
If aiming at some witty speech,
The blockheads get within her reach;
With whips, and spurs, and quizzing glass,
In herds these wits delight to pass
Their time, in learn'd and deep debate
About a dog,—or else, relate
An anecdote about their horse,
A "dev'lish good thing" 'tis, of course.

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Are these the beaux, for which you sigh!
These apes, these brainless creatures! why
Eliza, I'd as lief be doom'd,
In a lone cell to be entomb'd;
Or, to be sure of my escape,
I would consent to "lead an ape."
If 'tis protection that you crave,
A well-grown mastiff I would have;
For, if I'm guarded by a beast,
A faithful one, I'd have at least.
A trusty dog, is very rare,
But puppies are found every where.

MARY.

## TO MARY.

"Wit," Mary, that I cannot claim,
To please, is simply all my aim,
And she, who rashly seeks for more,
Will wreck her peace on folly's shore.
As I on satire will not venture,
The beaux, need never dread my censure;
For while their follies I decry,
My own awakes the conscious sigh,

At *to* their absence, *that* has ne'er
Given my free heart one throb of care,
Except, when, shrinking with alarm,
I've sigh'd for some protecting arm,
But, while unruffled by life's woes,
Its ruby current gently flows,
One hope pervades my humble breast,
That I may make *another* blest:
If truth and mild complaisance can
Fix that eccentric being, man,
I may although, perhaps long hence,
Gain and retain a man of sense,
Who, when my artless lays he'll hear,
May lend a willing, partial ear,
Correct my errors, screen my faults,
Direct my conduct, share my thoughts,
Be that best gift which heaven can send,
My youth's protector, and my age's friend.

## SONG.

At length the reign of folly's o'er,
This flutt'ring heart, that wildly beat
With hopes and fears, shall throb no more;
Calm reason now resumes her seat.

That voice, which oft convey'd delight,
Which bade pale anguish wound no more
Not one emotion can excite
Its power to pain, or please, is o'er;

In fancy's charms no more array'd,
Which cheated once my youthful eye,
I see the bright illusion fade,
Without one fond reluctant sigh.

Say not, that caprice sways my mind,
Since for that heart no more I sue:
No longer to its falsehood blind,
'Twas dear, but while I thought it true.

## TO A GENTLEMAN,

*In his addressing to me the lines, "Can Eliza love like me?" and requesting that I would answer them.*

If I love like thee, O youth!
Tell me, will it be with truth?
Can fervor in thy breast reside?
That cold abode of selfish pride.
No.—Thy frigid soul would chill
Fond affection's genial thrill,
O then! when love inhabits mine,
May it ne'er resemble thine.

## BY A GENTLEMAN, TO ELIZA.

Tell me, Eliza, why you say
You'll read no more a tear-fraught lay?
Is it because you blush to own,
That woman's heart's not made of stone?

Or, is it, that you fail to shew
A sympathy for other's woe?
Or that your nature cannot melt
At aught but what itself has felt?
Or that the muses' heaven taught art
Cannot affect your marble heart?
If none of these, pray can it be
That too great sensibility
Reverts against her own repose,
And makes of other's her own woes?
Or that you've felt affliction's dart,
And that those lays increase the smart?
If either of these, I pray declare,
And I will deem you frank as fair.

## THE REPLY.

Yes, I have felt affliction's dart
Deep rankling in my inmost heart;
Have wept o'er sorrows not my own,
Which proves this heart not form'd of ste
Have seen misfortune's tempest low'r,
Have bent beneath oppression's pow'r,

Have met the sneer of haughty pride,
Have seen my bosom friend deride
Each anguish'd pang, each deep-fraught sigh,
And view, unmov'd, my streaming eye:
Then, wonder not, these varied woes
Should rob my bosom of repose,
And that each tender tear-fraught lay
Should, to my fancy seem to say,
" Eliza, o'er these sorrows melt,
" For these, and more than these, you've felt."

TO ONE WHO ENQUIRED IF MARIA'S HEART COULD LOVE.

No! never, never may her heart
Feel that agonizing smart.
O! may she ne'er be doom'd to prove
The anxious cares which wait on love;
But e'er, as now, may her free breast
In cold indifference calmly rest.

## TO JULIA.

O say! when on my burning brow,
  Your hand was plac'd, with tender zeal,
Why did my pulses throb? and how,
  Or why did I such transports feel?

I thought, and, O! that thought forgive,
  Or prove the fond idea true,
That, Julia, you would have me live,
  For love, for happiness, and you.

" Say why Vespasian lov'd his Sabine farm;
" Why great Navarre, when France and freedom bled,
" Sought the lone limits of a forest shed.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
" Say, when ambitious Charles renounc'd a throne,
" To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,
" What from his soul the parting tribute drew,
" What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu?
" The still retreats that sooth'd his tranquil breast,
" Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares opprest."

*Rogers.*

'Twas oft, where in majestic pride,
Potomac rolls his ample tide,
Sportive I rov'd his banks along,
While echo answer'd to my song.
Then she, my infant heart best lov'd,
The friend my riper years approv'd,
In accents gentle, bland, and mild,
Would warn from harm her playful child.
Ye haunts belov'd! may I once more,
Each favorite dell, each glade explore,
Each scene of purest joy review,
Which charm'd when every joy was new;
Ere disappointment dimm'd mine eye,
Or bade hope's fairy visions fly,

While to my daily task I sped
With careless bosom, void of dread,
Secure a parent's placid smile,
Would lighten and reward my toil.
And now, when sorrow wings her dart,
That smile can sooth my aching heart,
Can bid me hope a brighter day,
Will all my early toils o'erpay.
That once again my step shall trace,
Those scenes which time can ne'er efface;
And, while 'mid former haunts I rove,
Warble some strain of faithful love;
The lays of Memory's Bard,* repeat,
And hail each moss-invested seat;
Or, fann'd by evening's gentle gale,
Shall frame, perhaps, some artless tale;
And, heedless of the fleeting hour,
Resign my mind to fancy's power.

* Rogers.

## TO Mr. ——.

Strange medley thou, of ill and good,
Most blam'd, when least thou'rt understood;
Ah wherefore thus disguise thy heart?
To be esteem'd, seem what thou art.

## ODE.

Let party feuds, let discord cease,
Invidious terms, the foes of peace,
Henceforth be known no more;
Columbia's sons! ye gallant band,
With patriot zeal join hand in hand,
To guard our native shore.

See Erin's, Scotia's sons unite,
In martial order, arm'd for fight,
Determin'd to oppose
The bold invaders of our laws,
Assert our rights, maintain our cause,
And curb our haughty foes.

The children of adoption, e'er
May they, inhaling freedom's air,
Her priviledge respect;
And when oppression's iron hand
Would wrest the olive from our land,
The sacred fruit protect.

Thus guarded by a gallant train,
The tyrant of the seas, in vain
Would awe Columbia's soul;
To dastard fear superior far,
Though fond of peace, prepar'd for war,
She owns no base controul.

And as her sons her freedom guard,
Her daughters' smiles their zeal reward.

## HORATIO.

Though distant far Horatio has remov'd,
We praise the excellence which long we've lov'd:
His person cast in beauty's fairest mould,
Taste, sentiment, and feeling did enfold;

ıe mild expressions beaming from his eye,
em'd emanations from the Deity.
ıuth's rosy tints, bright mantling o'er his face,
ıch look intelligence, each action grace,
ıch noble sentiment so well exprest,
was virtue's thought, by glowing fancy drest.
ıe first a rival's merit to commend,
'orth found in him a never-failing friend,
'hose prompt attention by each soothing art,
› sorrow's children would relief impart;
ıd while he sought their suff'rings to allay,
: felt success his efforts would o'erpay.
ıe virtues made his generous breast their own,
ıere fixt their residence, there rear'd their throne.

## TO THE MISS M——NS,

### WITH A SET OF CONSEQUENCES.

Ye blooming sisters, frank and free,
Accept this simple lay from me:
Were I a bard, perhaps I might,
In nobler strains attempt to write—

Your beauty, wit, and grace rehearse
In all the pomp and blaze of verse;
And while I sung your modest fame,
Might then, perchance, attention claim;
But as a girl; I must expect
My lines will only meet neglect;
Scarce half-perused, thrown careless by,
Within your drawer unheeded lie,
And (emblem of the writer's lot)
Except when seen, be quite forgot:
But, dearest girls, without pretence,
I wish a fairer consequence;
And fain within each artless breast,
Where sweet good humour loves to rest,
Would wake some interest, claim some share
And raise a little temple there.

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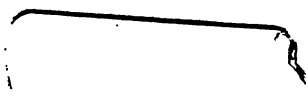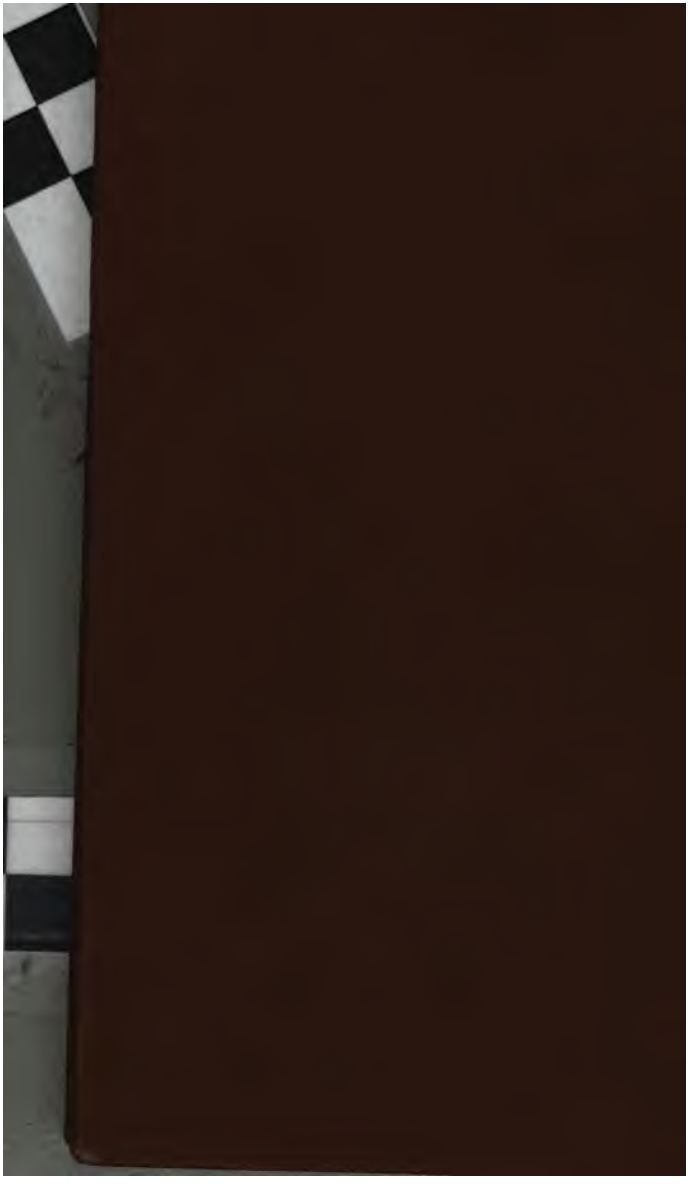
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